

## TWO SINGERS

BY KATHRYN PECK.

Voice of the City:

Toil in haste, toil in haste,  
 Market of Makeshift and Palace of Waste.  
 I am the singer who sold his own sight,  
 I am the waster who purchased the light;  
 I am the lover of numbers and gold;  
 I am gaunt Hunger, I am gray Cold.  
 Beautiful eyes that desire hath made blind....  
 I am the Mind.

Voice of the Sea:

Toilers, leave the walls ye made,  
 Built by faith and propped by doubt;  
 The harbor holds hundred ships....  
 Come out.... and farther out.  
 Past the arched bridges, and past the black mills,  
 And the fading, gray shelter of sea-going hills.  
 Out to the meeting of sky and of sea,  
 Come! Travel an unknown horizon with me.  
 I am the distance that Mind cannot span....  
 I am the Spirit of man.

## ORION EVER LEADING

BY T. G. LA MOILLE.

Orion ever leading starry host,  
 Ages on ages ere the narrow span  
 Of human life on then old Earth began,  
 Ages on ages after proudest boast  
 Of monument of Man, some shapeless mass,  
 May bring vague wonder, when? and what? and why?  
 Stars keep set paths revealed by lighted sky—  
 Shall we still wonder what will come to pass?  
 Leaving thy shell lost in time's heedless sea,  
 O Soul, thou shalt burst thro' thy earthly bars,  
 Thou shalt go home again, at last be free,  
 And purified from blemishes and scars,  
 Thou wilt know why great loss was good for thee,  
 And learn at last the secret of the stars.